

By Rex Beach

## The Silver Horde

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## Synopsis of Previous Chapters.

Boyd Emerson and "Fingerless" Fraser enter Kalvik, Alaska, and meet a young white woman, Cherry Malotte, who describes the salmon fisheries and the unscrupulous head of the Kalvik cannery.

Cherry owns a cannery site. Emerson, George Balt and she go into partnership. Emerson describes his failure to "make good" in Alaska.

Emerson kisses Cherry goodbye. Balt, Fraser and Emerson nearly lose their lives in Katmai on their way out to get capital.

After dreadful privations they catch the boat at Katmai and are soon en route for Chicago. Emerson seeks Miss Mildred Wayland.

She and Emerson are engaged. Her father, Wayne Wayland, is a millionaire. Alton Clyde offers \$10,000 toward the cannery.

Balt and Emerson meet Marsh in Chicago. Marsh is a suitor for Mildred's hand. Marsh tells Mildred about Cherry Malotte. He and Wayne Wayland plan a cannery in Alaska.

Mildred learns that Emerson and Cherry are partners. Banker Hillard, Seattle, refuses to lend Emerson \$100,000. Cherry, who has arrived in Seattle, accepts a dinner invitation from Hillard.

Cherry discovers that Emerson is to marry Mildred. Marsh causes annoying delays for Emerson's party. To come refuses Emerson a loan. Clyde suggests that Cherry can get the loan from Hillard.

Emerson engages Cherry by criticizing her friendly relations with Hillard. Cherry sees Hillard, who unexpectedly furnishes the money. Marsh causes a strike, delaying the loading of Emerson's machinery.

Balt's fishermen fight the strikers. Fraser shoots a striker and impersonates Emerson, for whom a warrant is issued.

Emerson escapes to Kalvik. Marsh follows. Fraser is released and rejoins Emerson. Emerson's machinery is tampered with.

Marsh builds a trap to prevent salmon from reaching Emerson's cannery site. He is mysteriously stabbed. Emerson is accused.

(Continued from Yesterday)

## CHAPTER XV.

THE main body of salmon struck into the Kalvik river on the first day of July. For a week past the run had been slowly growing while the canneries tested themselves, but on the opening day of the new month the horde issued boldly forth from the depths of the sea, and the battle began in earnest.

At times they swam with cleaving fins exposed. Again they churned the placid waters until swift combers raced across the shallow bays like tidal waves, while the deeper channels were shot through with shadowy forms or pierced by the lightning glint of silver bellies. They streamed in with the flood tide to retreat again with the ebb, but there was neither haste nor caution in their progress. They had come in answer to the breeding call of the sea, and its exultation was upon them, driving them relentlessly onward. They had no voice against its overmastering spell.

The time had come for man to take his toll. At Emerson's cannery there fell a sudden panic, for fifty fishermen quit. Returning from the banks on the night before the run started, they stacked their gear and notified Boyd Emerson of their determination. Then, despite his utmost efforts to dissuade them, they took their packs upon their shoulders and marched up the beach to Willis Marsh's plant. Larsen, the day foreman, acted as their spokesman, and Boyd recognized too late the result of that conversation he had interrupted on the night of his visit to Cherry.

This defection diminished his boat crew by more than half, and while the shoremen stoutly maintained their loyalty, the chance of putting up a pack seemed lost. Boyd swallowed his pride and went straightway to his enemy. He found Marsh well recovered from his flesh wound of a week or more before, yet extremely cautious for his safety, as he evidenced by conducting the interview before witnesses.

"We are short handed, and I gave instructions to secure every available man," he announced at the conclusion of Emerson's story. "It is not my fault if your men prefer to work for me."

"Then you force me to retaliate," said Boyd. "I shall hire your men out from under you."

Marsh laughed provokingly. "Try it! I am a good organizer. If nothing else, if you send emissaries to my plants it will cause certain violence, and I think you had better avoid that, for we outnumber you ten to one."

Emerson left in disgust. Nor had he hit upon any method of relief when Cherry came down to the plant on the following morning. She inquired straightway:

"What are you doing about it? You can't afford to lose an hour."

"I have sent a man to each of the other plants to hire fishermen at any price, but I have no hope that they will succeed. Marsh has his crews too well in hand for that."

Cherry nodded. "They wouldn't dare quit him now. He'd never let them return to this country if they did. Meanwhile the rest of your force is on the banks, I presume."

"Yes."

"How many boats have you?"

"Ten."

"Heavens! And this is the first day of the run! It looks bad, doesn't it? Has the trap begun to fill?"

"No. George is down there now. I guess Marsh succeeded in corking it. Meanwhile all the other plants are working while my Chinks are playing fantan. I seem to bring misfortune upon every one connected with me, don't I?" he added. "I'm afraid I'm a poor sort."

How boyish he was, the girl thought tenderly, yet how splendidly brave he had been throughout the fight! There

was a voiceless, maternal yearning in her heart as she asked him gravely: "If you fall now it will mean—the end of everything, will it not?"

"Yes." He squared his tired shoulders. "But I am not beaten yet. You taught me never to give up, Cherry. If I have to go back home without a catch and see Hillard take this plant over, why—I'll begin once more at something new, and some day I will succeed. But I shan't give up. I'll can what salmon we catch and then begin all over again next season."

"And—suppose you don't succeed? Suppose Hillard won't carry you?"

"Then I shall try something else. Maybe I shall go to mining again. I don't know. Anyhow, she would not let me grow disheartened if she were here. She wouldn't let me quit. She isn't that sort."

Cherry Malotte stirred and shifted her gaze uncertainly to the gleaming bay. Abreast of them the fleet of fishing boats were drifting with the tide. In the distance others were tiding clear away to where the opal ocean lay. A tug was passing, and she saw the sun flash from the cargo in its tow, while the faint echo of a song came wafting to her ears. She stood so for a long moment, fighting manfully with herself, then wheeled upon him suddenly. There was a new tone in her voice as she said:

"If you will let me have one of your launches I may be able to help you."

"How?" he demanded quickly.

"Never mind how. It's a long chance and hardly worth trying, but—may I take the boat?"

"Certainly," said he. "There's one lying at the dock."

He led her to the shore and saw her aboard, then waved goodbye and walked moodily back to the office, gratified that she should try to help him, yet certain that she could not succeed where he and George had failed.

"Fingerless" Fraser had breakfasted late, as was his luxurious custom, and shortly before noon, in the course of his dissatisfied meanderings, he found his friend in the office, lost in somber thought. It was the first time in many weeks that he had seen this mood in Boyd, and after a fruitless effort to make him talk he fell into his old habit of imaginary reading, droning away to himself as if from a printed page:

"Your stay among us has not been very pleasant, has it? Mr. Emerson inquired.

"Not so that you could notice it," replied our hero. "I don't like fish, and I never did."

"That is the result of prejudice; the fish is a noble animal," Mr. Emerson declared.

"He's not an animal at all," our hero gently corrected. "He's a biped—a regular wild biped, without either love of home or affection for his children. The salmon is of a low order of intelligence and has a Queen Anne snarl to his roof. No person with a retreating forehead like that knows very much. The only other member of the animal kingdom that is as foolish as the salmon is Alton Clyde. The fish has got a shade the best of it over him, but as for friendship and the gentler emotions—why, the salmon hasn't got them at all. The only thing he's got is a million eggs and a sense of direction. If he had a spark of intelligence he'd lay one egg a year, like a hen, and thus live for a million years. But does he? Not on your Sarnoy! He's a spendthrift and turns his eggs loose a handful at a time. He's worse than a shotgun. And then, too, he's as clannish as a Harvard graduate and don't associate with nobody out of his own set. No, sir! Give me a warm blooded animal that suckles its young. I'll take a farmer every time."

"These are points I had never considered," said Mr. Emerson, "but every business has its drawbacks, you'll agree. If I have failed as a host, what can I do to entertain you while you grace our midst?"

"You can do most anything," remarked his handsome companion. "You can climb a tree or do anything except fish all the time."

"But it is a dark night without, and I fear some mischief is afoot."

"True! But yonder beautiful geese!"

Roused by the familiarity of these lines, Emerson looked up from his preoccupation and smiled at Fraser's serious pantomime.

"What about that 'beautiful geese' and the mischief that is afoot?"

"Oh, I heard all about your trouble. I just left the pesthouse."

"The what?"

"The pesthouse—Clyde's joint. Ain't he a calamity?"

"In what way?"

"Well, I like silence and quietude. I'm a fool about my quiet, but Clyde—"

He paused as if in search for suitable expression. "Well, whenever I try to say anything he interrupts me."

After another pause he went on: "He's dead sure on this place, too, and whines around like a litter of pups. He says he was misled into coming up here and has a hunch he's going to lose his bank roll."

"Last night's episode frightened him. I dare say."

"Yes. Ever since he got that wallop on the burr in Seattle a guinea pig could lick him hand to hand. You'd think that ten thousand put up was all the wealth of the Inkers."

"The wealth of what?"

"Inkers! That's a tribe of rich Mexicans. However, I suppose I'd hagg

to my coin the same way he does if I had a mayonnaise head like him. He's an awful shine as a business man."

"So he's homesick, eh?"

"Sure! Offered to sell me his stock."

Fraser threw back his head and gave vent to one of his rare laughs. "Ain't that a rave?"

"Here he comes now," Boyd announced, with a glance out the window, and the next instant Alton Clyde entered, a picture of dejection.

"Gee! This is fierce, isn't it?" the clubman began, flinging himself into the nearest chair. "They tell me it's all off finally. What are you going to do?"

"Put up what fish I can with a short crew," said Boyd.

"We'll lose a lot of money."

"Probably."

Clyde's tone was querulous as he continued:

(To Be Continued.)

OH SHOCKING ASSERTION  
OH AWFUL SENSATION

Elbert Hubbard to Enter Vaudeville at \$2,000 Per Week, Per Meaning Per Week.

Detroit, Mich., Sept. 15.—Elbert Hubbard, who has announced that he was about to go on the vaudeville stage, will make the leap in San Francisco. He stopped in Detroit to address the National Convention of Life Insurance Men. In speaking of his theatrical venture, he said:

"I would as soon go into vaudeville as write an article for a magazine. It appeals to the people. They will pay me \$2,000 a week because I can draw an audience. Some people say, with a great loss of dignity, Dignity is but a mask behind what some people conceal ignorance. Nothing goes but honesty in these days. We know it because we have tried everything else."

FORMER EL PASO IS MARRIED IN IOWA.

Wedding announcements have been received here of the marriage of Allen H. Bryant to Miss Lena Ulrich at the bride's home in Pella, Iowa. Mr. Bryant is a graduate of the El Paso high school, being a member of the 1909 class. He is now located in San Diego, Calif., where he has an assay office.

Feet So Sore  
Couldn't Walk  
Down Stairs—  
TIZ Cured Her Quick.



If you have sore feet, tired feet, smelly feet, corns, callouses or bunions, read what happened to Mrs. Crockett, of Jeffersonville. TIZ DID IT. Mr. Crockett says: "After the second treatment she walked downstairs one foot at a time. She has not been able to walk downstairs before in past five years, except by stepping down on each step with one foot at a time. This is remarkable. Send five more boxes."

No matter what ails your feet or what under heaven you have used without getting relief, just use TIZ. It's different. It acts right off. It cures sore feet to stay cured. It's the only foot remedy ever made which acts on the principle of drawing out all the poisonous exudations which cause sore feet. Powders and other remedies merely clog up the pores. TIZ cleans them out and keeps them clean. You will feel better the first time it's used. Use it a week and you can forget you ever had sore feet. There is nothing on earth that can compare with it. TIZ is for sale by all druggists, 25c per box, or direct, if you wish, from Walter Luth Dodge & Co., Chicago, Ill. Recommended and sold by Knoblauch Drug Co., Inc.

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WONDERFUL CURE  
OF SORE HANDS

Skin Peeled and Flesh Got Hard and Broke—Blood Flowed in Fifty Places—"Single Box of Cuticura Ended Suffering."

"About eleven years ago I was troubled with sore hands, so sore that when I would put them in water the pain would very nearly set me crazy, the skin would peel off and the flesh would get hard and break. There would be blood flowing from at least fifty places on each hand. Words could never tell the suffering I endured for three years. I tried everything that I was told to do for fully three years, but could get no relief. I tried at least eight different doctors, but none of them seemed to do me any good, as my hands were as bad when I got through doctoring as when I first began. I also tried many remedies, but none of them ever did me one cent's worth of good. I was discouraged and heart sore. I would feel so bad mornings when I got up to think I had to go to work and stand the pain for ten hours, and I often felt like giving up my position."

"Before I started to work mornings I would have to wrap my finger up separately, so as to try and keep them soft and then wear gloves over the rags to keep the grease from getting on my work. At night I would have to wear gloves in bed. In fact, I had to wear gloves all the time. After doctoring for three years, and spending much money, a single box of Cuticura Ointment ended all my sufferings. It's been eight years since I used any and I don't know what sore hands are now, and never lost a day's work while using Cuticura Ointment. Thomas A. Clancy, 310 N. Montgomery St., Trenton, N. J., Nov. 11, 1909."

A single set of Cuticura Soap and Ointment is often sufficient, but for the most economical treatment for affections of the skin and scalp, send for a small booklet, "Purifier of the Skin," by Dr. J. C. Pott, 135 Columbus Ave., Boston, U.S.A.

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We will place on sale tomorrow a. m. the remainder of the salvage stock of the E. B. Welch & Co. This consists of Crockery, Granite ware, Glassware, and Household Articles.

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PRACTICAL  
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Goat Lymph Double Tablets

Nature's own remedy for depleted nerve force, for exhaustion, for debility, for insomnia, for nervousness, for all the most highly efficacious tablet form. \$2 per box. Lasts one month. Sold in El Paso only by Kelly & Pollard, Sheldon Hotel.

CHICHESTER'S PILLS  
THE DIAMOND BRAND  
Largest Ask your Druggist for this Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold wrapper. Take no other. They are the only pills that will cure you. Sold by DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

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1209 Nevada St. Bell Phone 1045.

## Summer Concerts

Everybody has his own Summer Concerts at Home, if he owns an

EDISON PHONOGRAPH,

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VICTOR TALKING MACHINE

Buy one on the Easy Payment Plan.

W. G. Walz Company  
Talking Machine Dept. 103 El Paso Street.  
September Records Now on Sale.

IN ITS DEALINGS WITH ITS CUSTOMERS FOR THIRTY YEARS THE

## FIRST NATIONAL BANK

Has demonstrated its purpose in giving depositors every advantage obtained by years of experience and it is a definitely settled policy to study their requirements thus meeting intelligently their needs. Diligence in every department with this end in view has brought success to the bank and its customers alike.

Capital ..... \$ 600,000  
Surplus and Profits ..... 225,000  
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We cordially invite new business connections. Our new savings department pays 4 per cent on deposits.

OPEN SATURDAY EVENINGS UNTIL 8 O'CLOCK.

C. R. MOREHEAD, President. GEO. D. FLORY, Cashier.  
JOSEPH MAGOFFIN, V. Pres. C. N. BASSETT, Vice Pres.  
L. J. GILCHRIST, Asst. Cash.

State National Bank  
ESTABLISHED APRIL, 1881.  
CAPITAL, SURPLUS AND PROFITS, \$175,000.  
A Legitimate Banking Business Transacted in All Its Branches.  
HIGHEST PRICES PAID FOR MEXICAN MONEY.

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CAPITAL, SURPLUS AND PROFITS \$150,000  
GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED  
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YOUR BANKING BUSINESS IS RESPECTFULLY INVITED

DISCOVERY OF OIL  
IN CALIFORNIA  
FIELDS

Catholic Missionaries Were  
the First to Discover Its  
Existence There.

San Francisco, Cal., Sept. 15.—In a statement just made public, D. A. Macdonald, M. E., a native of California, identified with the early history of the development of Alaska, and widely known in mining circles throughout the west, gives an entirely new version of the discovery of oil in California. The Macdonald story is based on information received at first hand from a member of the little party of Catholic missionaries who made the Great discovery.

The Voyage to Dolores Mission. "Shortly after the great earthquake, in the early part of the summer of 1838, one of the followers of padre Juan Nepomuceno, who was first to spread the Catholic faith in California when it was a terra incognita, started from the mission of Monterey with a small party in an open sloop to make the voyage to the mission Dolores, which is one of the old landmarks of the San Francisco of today. It was a slow and hazardous trip at the best, by either land or sea, in those pioneer days, and was fraught with many dangers," says Mr. Macdonald.

In this little party of primitive voyagers was a young Mexican named Juan Arata, who was one of the good padre's attendants and from whom I learned the story of the eventful voyage. It seems but yesterday, although it was in my early boyhood, in the summer of 1838, that I sat on the vine-clad porch of good old Don Juan Arata's home, nestled in the Livermore hills, and, for the first time, eagerly listened to the tale of the wonderful voyage from the truthful tongue of old Don Juan.

"The strange events of the voyage as related by that grand old Mexican don, so impressed my youthful mind that in after years I would often seek that shady porch on a summer Sunday afternoon to partake of the generous hospitality of the most liberal of hosts and hear again the story of that eventful voyage from mission to mission, in the days when the padres were monarchs of all they surveyed."

Story of the Trip.

"The story in brief is as follows: After three days' sailing against the trade winds of the coast, after their departure from the mission of Monterey, the missionaries decided to land at the vine-clad porch of good old Don Juan Arata's home, nestled in the Livermore hills, and, for the first time, eagerly listened to the tale of the wonderful voyage from the truthful tongue of old Don Juan.

"They selected a point where a creek

entered the ocean, where the table land extending southward from Half Moon Bay ends, and the abrupt cliffs of the hills bordering on the coast begin. It was late in the afternoon when they landed and hurried preparations were made to cook the evening meal while the camp was being made a few hundred yards from the beach. This place was selected on account of the shelter it afforded from all winds, being hemmed in by a perpendicular cliff in the form of a horseshoe over one hundred feet in height and forming, as it were, a deadly eddy in the deep canyon of the stream.

Oil in the Water.

"It was soon learned that the brownish water of the stream had an unpleasant and peculiar taste and a strange odor pervaded the air of the place. One of the party was sent in search of a spring along the creek banks in the hope of obtaining better water, while the rest of the attendants went on with the preparations for the evening meal and the establishment of their camp. All went well until the first tongue of flame arose skyward from the camp fire, when a sudden flash like lightning overspread the whole canyon, scorching all the verdure, followed by a terrific shock that staggered and startled every one of the party.

"All of the party being imbued more or less with superstition, they became alarmed, believing it to be the work of evil spirits. In frantic haste they sought the open sea beach, where they were compelled to camp for two days before favorable weather permitted their departure from the dreaded place.

"The explosion was caused by gas in the air becoming ignited from the camp fire. Earthquake shocks had caused the opening of crevices in the rock that led to subterranean reservoirs of high volatile hydrocarbon substances that escaped in the form of gas. It was noticed that the water flowing down the creek took a hue of darker brown and carried a scum on its surface resembling fish balsam, giving various shades of color. The missionaries named the creek Arroyo Diablo, or Devil Creek, thinking the explosion the work of the evil one.

Their Great Discovery.

"Although they did not know it, these simple folk of long ago had made one of the greatest discoveries of the age, viz the first evidence of natural gas, and oil on the Pacific coast, and likely the first in the world's history, and they made the discovery in what is now virtually the doryard of San Francisco, the place being only 38 miles south of the western metropolis.

"When the little party reached the mission Dolores they told the story of their great adventure, which created much wonderment and gossip amongst the attaches of the mission at the time, but ere long the incident was forgotten, saved by the members of that little party of voyagers.

"The hill bordering on the coast immediately south of their eventful landing place the voyagers named Loma Lisa, the Hill of Great View, but this has given way to the modern name applied by the early settlers who followed. The unerring hand of time has relegated the original names of creek and hill to oblivion and they exist now only in the memory of those living who bear the story from the lips of the members of that pioneer party.

Tunitas Creek. "The stream is known now as Tunitas Creek, familiar to all devotees of trout fly and rod in San Francisco, and the Ocean Shore railway has given the picturesque name of Tunitas Glen to their station on the banks of the stream, which is the present terminus of that road. The hill is known as San Gregorio Hill, traversed by the coast country road and admired by tourists for its magnificent view of the ocean and refreshing sea breezes.

"As time goes, more than two generations of man have come and gone since the good old padre made this discovery of oil and gas. Capital, ever alert, unserved by superstition or weird tales of evil spirits, has boldly taken possession of 'Devil Creek.' And now, on Tunitas Creek, may be heard day and night, the exhaust of the steam drilling engines, boring for oil near the point of this first discovery."

FOUNDRY DISCONTINUES ITS DOWNTOWN OFFICE.

The downtown office and city salesrooms of the El Paso Foundry and Machine Company are being moved to the plant in East El Paso. The business of the company is to be concentrated at the plant and the San Francisco street building leased.

JOHN McNARY IS WEDDED IN NEW YORK.

New York, Sept. 15.—Miss Gwendolyn Acker, daughter of the late justice Augustus Acker, was married last night at the home of her mother to John C. McNary, of El Paso.

The combination has the approval of physicians because it is known to be truly beneficial, and because it has given satisfaction to the millions of well-informed families who have used it for many years past.

To get its beneficial effects, always buy the genuine manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only.